

W I N T E R,

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P O E M,

A H Y M N on the S E A S O N S,

A P O E M

To the MEMORY of

Sir I S A A C N E W T O N,

A N D

BRITANNIA, a P O E M.

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By J A M E S T H O M S O N.

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# W I N T E R.

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the

L<sup>D</sup>. WILMINGTON.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Address to Lord WILMINGTON. First approach of WINTER. According to the natural order of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows : a man perishing among them. A short digression into RUSSIA. The wolves in ITALY. A winter-evening described, as spent by philosophers ; by the country, people ; in the city. Frost. Its effects within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with philosophical reflections on a future state.*



# W I N T E R.



EE *Winter* comes, to rule the varied year,

Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train,

*Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms.* Be these my theme,

These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,

And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!

# W I N T E R.

Cogential horrors, hail! with frequent foot, 6  
 Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,  
 When nurs'd by careless *Solitude* I liv'd,  
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,  
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;  
 Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure; 11  
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;  
 Or seen the deep, fermenting tempest brew'd  
 In the red evening-sky. Thus pass'd the time,  
 Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15  
 Look'd out the joyous *Spring*, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,  
 The muse, O *Wilmington!* renews her song.  
 Since has she rounded the revolving *Tear* :  
 Skim'd the gay *Spring* ; on eagle-pinions borne, 20  
 Attempted thro' the *Summer*-blaze to rise;  
 Then swept o'er *Autumn* with the shadowy gale;  
 And now among the wintry clouds again,  
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;

To

6 To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25  
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;  
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:  
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear  
 in; With bold description, and with manly thought.  
 11 For thee the Graces smooth; thy softer thoughts  
 ; The Muses tune; nor art thou skill'd alone 31  
 In awful schemes, the management of states,  
 And how to make a mighty people thrive:  
 15 But equal goodness; sound integrity;  
 l'd. A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul, 35  
 Amid a sliding age; and burning strong,  
 Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal,  
 A steady spirit, regularly free;  
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light  
 20 Into the patriot; and, the publick hope 40  
 And eye to thee converting, bid the muse  
 ; Record what envy dares not flattery call.

When *Scorpio* gives to *Capricorn* the sway,  
And fierce *Aquarius* fouls th' inverted year ;  
Retiring to the verge of heaven, the sun  
Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.  
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
'Thro' the thick air ; as at dull distance seen,  
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;  
And, soon descending, to the long dark night,  
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.  
Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,  
Light, life, and joy the dubious day forsake.  
Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,  
Deep-ting'd, and damp, and congregated clouds,  
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven  
Involve the face of things. Thus *Winter* falls,  
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
'Thro' nature shedding influence malign,  
And rouses all the seeds of dark disease.

The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,  
And black with horrid views. The cattle droop  
The conscious head; and o'er the furrow'd land,  
Red from the plow, the dun discolour'd flocks,  
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 66  
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;  
And up among the loose, disjointed cliffs,  
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook,  
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,  
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,  
Striding the gloomy blast. First rains obscure 74  
Drive thro' the mingling skies, with vapour vile;  
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,  
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain  
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds  
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still  
Combine, and deepening into night shut up 80  
The

The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,  
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love  
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,  
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.

The cattle from th' untasted fields return, 85  
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,  
 Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.

Thither the household, feathery people crowd,  
 The crested cock, with all his female train, 89  
 Pensive, and wet. Mean-while the cottage-swain  
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there  
 Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks,  
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows  
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,  
 And the mix'd ruins of its banks o'erspread, 96  
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along,  
 Resistless, roaring; dreadful down it comes  
 From the chapt mountain, and the mossy wild,  
 Tumbling

Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far :  
Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads, 101  
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,  
Betwixt two meeting hills it bursts a way,  
Where rocks, and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;  
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 105  
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

*Nature !* great parent ! whose continual hand  
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,  
How mighty, how majestic are thy works !  
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !  
That fees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings ! 111  
Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow,  
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
Where are your stores, ye subtil beings ! say,  
Where your aerial magazines reserv'd, 115  
Against the day of tempest perilous ?  
In what far-distant region of the sky,  
Hush'd in dead silence, sleep you when 'tis calm ?

Late

Late in the lowring sky, red, fiery streaks  
 Begin to flush about; the reeling clouds 120  
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,  
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon  
 Wears a wan circle round her sully'd orb.  
 The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray; 125  
 Snatch'd in short eddies plays the fluttering straw;  
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and, screaming wild,  
 The circling sea-fowl rise; while from the shore,  
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave,  
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice, 130  
 That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.  
 Then issues forth the storm, with mad controul,  
 And the thin fabrick of the pillar'd air  
 O'erturns at once. Prone, on the passive main,  
 Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust  
 Turns from the bottom the discolour'd deep. 136  
 Thro' the loud night, that bids the waves arise,  
 Lash'd

Lash'd into foam, the fierce, conflicting brine  
Seems, as it sparkles, all around to burn.  
Mean-time whole oceans, heaving to the clouds,  
And in broad billows rolling gather'd seas, 141  
Surge over surge, burst in a general roar,  
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,  
Wild as the winds athwart the howling waste  
Of mighty waters. Now the hilly wave 145  
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot  
Into the secret chambers of the deep,  
The full-blown *Baltick* thundering o'er their head.  
Emerging thence again, before the breath  
Of all-exerted heaven they wing their course, 150  
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,  
Or sand insidious break not their career,  
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.  
Nor raging here alone unrein'd at sea,  
To land the tempest bears; and o'er the cliff, 155  
Where screams the sea-mew, foaming unconfin'd,  
Fierce swallows up the long-resounding shore.

The

The mountain growls; and all its sturdy sons  
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.  
 Lone on its midnight side, and all aghast, 160  
 The dark, way-faring stranger breathless toils,  
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.  
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds  
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;  
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's  
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs. 166  
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,  
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;  
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,  
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base. 170  
 Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,  
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.  
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air  
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
 That, utter'd by the demon of the night, 175  
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe, and death.

Huge

Huge *Uproar* lords it wide. The clouds commix'd  
With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky.

All nature reels. Till nature's *King*, who oft  
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone, 180

And on the wings of the careering wind  
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;  
Then straight air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight waste. The weary clouds,  
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom. 185

Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,

Let me associate with the serious *Night*,

And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;

Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,

And lay the meddling senses all aside. 190

And now, ye lying Vanities of life!

Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!

Where are you now? and what is your amount?

Vexa-

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.  
 Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,  
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past, 196  
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,  
 With new-flush'd hopes to run the giddy round.

Father of light, and life! thou Good supreme!  
 O teach me what is good! teach me thyself! 200  
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
 From every low pursuit! and feed my soul  
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,  
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests come: and fuming dun  
 From all the livid east, or piercing north, 206  
 Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb  
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.  
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;  
 And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm. 210  
 Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,

At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes  
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,  
 With a continual flow. Sudden the fields  
 Put on their winter-robe, of purest white. 215  
 'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts,  
 Along the mazy stream. The leafless woods  
 Bow their hoar heads. And, ere the languid sun  
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
 Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill, 220  
 Is one wild, dazzling waste. The labourer-ox  
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around 224  
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
 That Providence allows. The Red-breast sole,  
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,  
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves  
 His shivering fellows, and to trusted man  
 His annual visit pays. New to the dome 230  
 Against the window beats, then brisk alights

On the warm hearth, and hopping o'er the floor  
 Eyes all the smiling *Family* askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;  
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 23  
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset  
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,  
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind 24  
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth  
 With looks of dumb despair; then sad, dispers'd  
 Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind  
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 24  
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east  
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains

In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks, 251  
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
 The billowy tempest whelms; till upwards urg'd,  
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
 Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky. 255

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,  
 All winter drives along the darken'd air;  
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain  
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend  
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,  
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain: 261  
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
 Beneath the white abrupt; but wanders on  
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray:  
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 265  
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of  
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth <sup>(home</sup>  
 In many a vain effort. How sinks his soul!  
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart!

When for the dusky spot, that fancy feign'd 270  
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the tract, and blest abode of man:  
While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild. 276  
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,  
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,  
Of faithless boggs; of precipices huge, 280  
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land unknown,  
What water, of the still unfrozen eye,  
In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift, 286  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots  
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,

His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.

270 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares 291

The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;

In vain his little children, peeping out

Into the mingling rack, demand their fire,

With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 295

Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,

276 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve,

The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;

And, o'er his stronger vitals creeping cold, 299

Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse;

280 Unstretch'd, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,

Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;

They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,

ks And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; 305

286 Ah little think they, while they dance along,

How many feel this very moment, death

And all the sad variety of pain.

How many sink in the devouring flood, 309  
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,  
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.  
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;  
 Shut from the common air, and common use  
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 315  
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,  
 How many shrink into the sordid hut  
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake  
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind, 319  
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;  
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.  
 Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,  
 How many, rackt with honest passions, droop  
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand 326  
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
 Like wailing pensive ghosts awaiting theirs,

And

And point the parting pang. Thought but fond man  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
 That one incessant struggle render life, 331  
 One scene of toil, of anguish, and of fate,  
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;  
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,  
 And his wide wish Benevolence dilate; 336  
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;  
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous few, 340  
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive sought  
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?  
 Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans;  
 Where Sickness pines; where Thirst and Hunger  
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice. <sup>(burn,</sup> 345  
 While in the land of liberty, the land  
 Whose every street, and public meeting glows

With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd : 348  
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;  
 Tore from cold, wintry limbs the tatter'd robe;  
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;  
 The free-born *Briton* to the dungeon chain'd,  
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd, 353  
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;  
 And crush'd out lives, by various nameless ways,  
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.  
 Hail patriot-band ! who, scorning secret scorn,  
 When Justice, and when Mercy led the way,  
 Dragg'd the detected monsters into light, 359  
 Wrench'd from their hand Oppression's iron rod,  
 And bade the cruel feel the pains they gave.  
 Yet stop not here, let all the land rejoice,  
 And make the blessing unconfin'd, as great.  
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,  
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd. 365  
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious men  
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,

And lengthen simple justice into trade )  
 Oh glorious were the day ! that saw these broke,  
 And every man within the reach of right. 370

Yet more outrageous is the season still,  
 A deeper horror, in *Siberian* wilds ;  
 Where *Winter* keeps his unrejoicing court,  
 And in his airy hall the loud misrule  
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard. 375

There thro' the ragged woods absorpt in snow,  
 Sole tenant of these shades, the shaggy bear,  
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;  
 Slow-pac'd and fowrer as the storms increase,  
 He makes his bed beneath the drifted snow ; 380  
 And, scorning the complainings of distress,  
 Hardens his heart against affailing want.

While tempted vigorous o'er the marble waste,  
 On sleds reclin'd, the furry *Russian* sits ;  
 And, by his rein-deer drawn, behind him throws  
 A shining kingdom in a winter's day. 386

Or

Or from the cloudy *Alps*, and *Appenine*,  
 Capt with grey mists, and everlasting snows;  
 Where nature in stupendous ruin lies,  
 And from the leaning rock, on either side, 390  
 Gush out those streams that classic song renowns:  
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!  
 Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!  
 Assembling wolves in torrent troops descend;  
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along, 395  
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.  
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,  
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.  
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend,  
 Or shake the murdering savages away. 400  
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,  
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
 The godlike face of man avails him nought.  
 Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance  
 The generous lyon stands in soften'd gaze, 405

Here

Here bleeds, a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.  
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,  
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,  
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)  
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig 410  
 The shrowded body from the tomb; o'er which,  
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they  
 (howl

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,  
 In the wild depth of *Winter*, while without  
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat, 415  
 Between the groaning forest and the shore,  
 Beat by a boundless multitude of waves,  
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;  
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,  
 To chase the cheerless gloom. There let me sit,  
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead;  
 Sages of antient time, as gods rever'd, 422  
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind  
 With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world.

Rous'd

Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside  
 The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail  
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass 427  
 Before my wondering eyes. — First *Socrates*,  
 Whose simple question to the folded heart  
 Stole unperceiv'd, and from the maze of thought  
 Evolv'd the secret truth—— a god-like man! 431  
*Solon* the next, who built his common-weal  
 On equity's wide base. *Lycurgus* then,  
 Severely good; and him of rugged *Rome*,  
*Numa*, who soften'd her rapacious sons. 435  
*Cimon* sweet-soul'd, and *Aristides* just;  
 With that attemper'd \* *Hero*, mild, and firm,  
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.  
 Unconquer'd *Cato*, virtuous in extreme.  
*Scipio*, the human warrior, gently brave; 440  
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,  
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade,  
 With friendship, and philosophy, retir'd.

---

\* *Timoleon*.

And, equal to the best, the \* *Theban* twain,  
Who, single rais'd their country into fame. 445  
Thousands behind, the boast of *Greece* and *Rome*,  
Whom Virtue owns, the tribute of a verse  
Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?  
Who sing their influence on this lower world?  
But see who yonder comes! in sober state, 450  
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:  
'Tis *Phæbus* self, or else the *Mantuan* swain!  
Great *Homer* too appears, of daring wing,  
Parent of song! and equal by his side,  
The *British* muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,  
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame. 456  
Nor absent are those tuneful shades, I ween,  
Taught by the Graces, whose enchanting touch  
Shakes every passion from the various string;  
Nor those, who solemnize the moral scene. 460

---

\* *Pelopidas* and *Epaminondas*.

First of your kind! society divine!  
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,  
 And mount my soaring soul to deeds like yours.  
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;  
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude, 465  
 Save *Lycidas* the friend, with sense refin'd,  
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,  
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.  
 Or from the muses' hill will *Pope* descend,  
 To raise the sacred hour, to make it smile, 470  
 And with the social spirit warm the heart :  
 For tho' not sweeter his own *Homer* sings,  
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass  
 The winter-glooms, with friends of various turn,  
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd : 476  
 With them would search, if this unbounded frame  
 Of nature rose from unproductive night,

Or sprung eternal from th' *eternal Cause*,  
Its springs, its laws, its progress and its end. 480  
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole  
Would gradual open on our opening minds;  
And each diffusive harmony unite,  
In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.  
Thence would we plunge into the moral world;  
Which, tho' more seemingly perplex'd, moves on  
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd, 487  
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all  
In universal good. Historic truth  
Should next conduct thro' the deeps of time:  
Point us how empire grew, revolv'd, and fell, 491  
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,  
Improves their soil, and gives them double funs;  
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,  
In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd, 495  
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale  
That portion of divinity, that ray  
Of purest heaven, which lights the glorious flame  
Of

Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,  
In powerless humble fortune, to repress  
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;  
Then, even superior to ambition, we  
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide  
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream  
Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope,  
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,  
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes  
Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,  
In endless growth and infinite ascent,  
Rises from state to state, and world to world.  
And when with these the serious soul is foil'd,  
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes  
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form  
Unnumber'd pictures, fleeting o'er the brain,  
Yet rapid still renew'd, and pour'd immense  
Into the mind, unbounded without space:  
The great, the new, the beautiful; or mix'd,  
Burlesque, and odd, the risible and gay;

When

Whence vivid Wit, and Humour, droll of face,  
 Call laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve. 520

Mean-time the village rouzes up the fire;  
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,  
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;  
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.

Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round: 526  
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,  
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;  
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the fide-long maid,  
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep; 530  
 The leap, the flap, the haul; and, shook to notes  
 Of native music, the respondent dance.  
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The publick haunt,  
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,

Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow  
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,  
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul  
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph  
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,  
 Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink.  
 Rises the dance along the lighted dome,  
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.  
 The glittering court effuses every pomp;  
 The circle deepens; rain'd from radiant eyes,  
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:  
 While, thick as insects in the summer-shine,  
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of *Hamlet* stalks;  
*Othello* rages; poor *Monimia* mourns;  
 And *Belvidera* pours her soul in love.  
 Assenting terror shakes; the silent tear  
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the *comic Muse*

536 Holds to the world the picture of itself,  
And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.

555

Clear frost succeeds; and thro' the blue serene,  
540 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies:  
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air  
Storing afresh with elemental life.

560

Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds  
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,  
545 Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;  
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,  
In swifter fallies darting to the brain;

565

Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,  
Bright as the skies, and and as the season keen.

All nature feels the renovating force  
550 Of *Winter*, only to the thoughtless eye  
In desolation seen. The vacant glebe

570

Draws in abundant vegetable soul,  
And gathers vigour for the coming year.  
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek

Of ruddy fire : and luculent along  
 The purer rivers flow ; their fullen deeps,  
 Amazing, open to the shepherd's gaze,  
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, Frost ? and whence are thy keen stores  
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power,  
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?  
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,

Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd  
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense  
 Thro' water, earth and ether ? Hence at eve,  
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,  
 With the still rage of *Winter* deep suffus'd,  
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career  
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,  
 Let down the flood, and half-dissolv'd by day,  
 Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank  
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,

A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven  
Cemented firm; till seiz'd from shore to shore,  
The whole detrudd river growls below. 595  
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
A double noise; while, at his evening-watch,  
The village-dog deters the nightly thief;  
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall  
580 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread  
Of traveller, the many founding plain 601  
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,  
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope  
585 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole. 605  
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,  
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
And seizes nature fast. It freezes on;  
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,  
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears  
591 The various labour of the silent night: 611  
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,  
Whose

Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
 The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair,  
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;  
 The liquid kingdom all to solid turn'd; 61  
 Wide-spouted o'er the brow, the frozen brook,  
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;  
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;  
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 62  
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread  
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
 His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,  
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swain  
 While every work of man is laid at rest, 62  
 Fond o'er the river rush, and shuddering view  
 The doubtful deeps below. Or where the lake  
 And long canal the cerule plain extend,  
 The city pours her thousands, swarming all, 63  
 From every quarter: and, with him who slides;

Or skating sweeps, swift as the winds, along,  
 In circling poise; or else disorder'd falls,  
 His feet, illuded, sprawling to the sky,  
 While the laugh rages round; from end to end,  
 Encreasing still, resounds the crowded scene. 636

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;  
 But soon claps'd. The horizontal sun,  
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon;  
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff. 640

The mountain still his azure gloss maintains,  
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
 Relents a while to the reflected ray;  
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,  
 Myriads of gems, that, by the breeze diffus'd, 645  
 Gay-twinkle thro' the gleam. Heard thick around,  
 Thunders the sport of those, who, with the gun,  
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,  
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields;

And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
Distress the footed, or the feather'd game.

650

But what is this? these infant tempests what?  
The mockery of *Winter*: should our eye  
Astonish'd shoot into the frozen zone;  
Where more than half the joyless year is night;  
And, failing gradual, life at last goes out. 656  
There undissolving, from the first of time,  
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;  
And icy mountains there, on mountains pil'd,  
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar, 660  
Shapeless, and white, an atmosphere of clouds.  
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the main,  
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,  
As if old Chaos was again return'd,  
Shake the firm pole, and make an ocean boil.  
Whence heap'd abrupt along the howling shore,  
And into various shapes (as fancy leans) 667  
Work'd by the wave, the crystal pillars heave,  
Swell

Swell

Swells the blue portico, the gothic dome  
Shoots fretted up; and birds, and beasts, and men,  
Rise into mimic life, and sink by turns. 671

The restless deep itself cannot resist  
The binding fury; but, in all its rage  
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,  
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd, 675

And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,  
Shag'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void  
Of every life, that from the dreary months  
Flies conscious southward, Miserable they!

Who, here entangled in the gathering ice, 680  
Take their last look of the descending sun;  
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,  
The long long night, incumbent o'er their head,  
Falls horrible. Such was the \* *Briton's* fate,

As with first prow, (What have not *Britons* dar'd!)  
He for the passage sought, attempted since 686  
So

---

\* Sir *Hugh Willoughby* sent by *Queen Elizabeth* to discover  
the north-east passage.

So much in vain, and seeming to be shut  
By jealous nature with eternal bars.

In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught,

And to the stony deep his idle ship

690

Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,

Each full exerted at his several task,

Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued

The sailer, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, the last of mankind live

And, scarce enliven'd by the distant sun,

696

(That rears and ripens man, as well as plants)

Here Human Nature just begins to dawn.

Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,

Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer, 700

They wear the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,

Ly the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,

Nor tenderness they know ; nor ought of life,

Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.

Till long-expected morning looks at length 706

Fair

Faint on their fields (where *Winter* reigns alone)  
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with hoarser voice  
Blow blustering from the south. The frost subdu'd,  
Gradual, resolves into a trickling thaw. 710

Spotted the mountains shine; loose fleet descends,  
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,  
Impatient for the day. Broke from the hills,  
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once; 715  
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain  
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,

That wash th' ungenial pole, will rest no more  
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;  
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave—  
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs  
Athwart the rifted main: at once it bursts, 721  
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.

Ill fares the bark, the wretch's last resort,

That,

That, lost amid the floating fragments, moors  
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle, 725  
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
More horrible. Can human force endure  
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round :  
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,  
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice, 730  
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,  
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main,  
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,  
And his unweildy train, in horrid sport,  
Tempest the loosen'd brine ; while thro' the gloom,  
Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore, 736  
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl  
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.  
Yet *Providence*, that ever-waking eye,  
Looks down with pity on the fruitless toil 740  
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,  
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! -- dread *Winter* has subdu'd the year,  
 And reigns tremendous o'er the desert plains.  
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies! 745  
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends  
 His solitary empire. Here, fond man!  
 Behold thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,  
 Thy flowering *Spring*, thy *Summer*'s ardent strength,  
 Thy sober *Autumn* fading into age, 750  
 And pale concluding *Winter* comes at last,  
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,  
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes  
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?  
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days? 755  
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering  
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life? <sup>(thoughts,</sup>  
 All now are vanish'd! *Virtue* sole survives,  
 Immortal, mankind's never-failing friend,  
 His guide to happiness on high. ---And see! 760  
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth

Of

Of heaven, and earth! Awakening nature hears  
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,  
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death  
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme, 765  
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole  
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.  
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presuming! now,  
 Confounded in the dust, adore that *Power*, 770  
 And *Wisdom* oft arraign'd: see now the cause,  
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,  
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share  
 In life was gall, and bitterness of soul:  
 Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd, 775  
 In starving solitude; while Luxury,  
 In palaces, lay prompting his low thought,  
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,  
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks  
 Of Superstition's scourge: why licens'd Pain, 780  
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,

Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distressed !

Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand

Beneath life's pressure, yet a little while,

And what you reckon evil is no more ;

785

The storms of *Wintry time* will quickly pass,

And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

*The E N D.*



67

W. I. M. T. R.

Admitted all our Obedience to God's Will!

And to those who have been leading them

through life's darkness, yet a little while

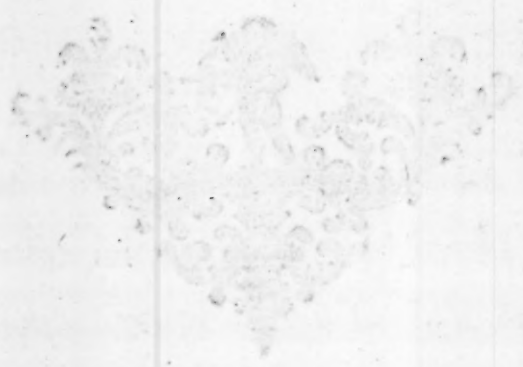
782

and what you have seen will be no more

the light of day will quickly pass

and one day all will be darkness all

W. I. M. T. R.



Is f  
Th  
Wi  
Ech



A  
H Y M N  
On the SEASONS.



THESE, as they change, *Almighty*  
*Father !* these,  
Are but the *varied God*. The roll-  
ing *Tear*

Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing *Spring*  
Thy Beauty walks, thy *Tenderness* and Love.  
Wide-flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5  
Echo the mountains round; the forests live;

D

And

And every sense, and every heart is joy.

Then comes thy Glory in the *Summer*-months,  
With light, and heat, severe. Prone, then thy Sun  
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year.

And oft thy voice in awful thunder speaks;  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales  
A yellow-floating pomp, thy Bounty shines  
In *Autumn* unconfin'd. Thrown from thy lap,  
Profuse o'er nature, falls the lucid shower  
Of beamy fruits; and, in a radiant stream,  
Into the stores of sterile *Winter* pours.

In *Winter* dreadful *Thou*! with clouds and storm  
Around *Thee* thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
Horrible blackness! On the whirlwind's wing,  
Riding sublime, *Thou* bid'st the world be low,  
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Myſterious round! what skill, what force divin  
Deep-felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,

Yet so harmonious mix'd, so fitly join'd,  
 One following one in such enchanting sort,  
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,  
 And all so forming such a perfect whole,  
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still. 30  
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
 Man marks *Thee* not, marks not the mighty hand,  
 That, ever-busy, wheels the the silent spheres;  
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence  
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the *Spring*; 35  
 Flings from the sun direct the *flaming Day*;  
*Feeds* every creature; hurls the *Tempest* forth;  
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

*Nature*, attend; join every living soul, 40  
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
 An universal *Hymn*! to *Him*, ye gales,  
 Breathe soft; whose spirit teaches you to breathe.

Oh talk of *Him* in solitary glooms!

45

Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine  
Fills the brown void with a religious awe.

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,

48

Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven

Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;

And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;

Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze

Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,

55

A secret world of wonders in thyself

Sound his tremendous praise; whose greater voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Roll up your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,

In mingled clouds to *Him*; whose sun elates, 60

Whose hand perfumes you, and whose pencil paints

Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to *Him* :

Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,

Homeward, rejoicing with the joyous moon.

Ye

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep 65  
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
 Great source of day! best image here below  
 Of thy creator, ever darting wide, 70  
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
 On nature write with every beam his praise.  
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;  
 While cloud to cloud returns the dreadful hymn.  
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks, 75  
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,  
 Ye vallies, raise; for the *great Shepherd* reigns;  
 And yet again the golden age returns.  
 Wildest of creatures, be not silent here;  
 But, hymning horrid, let the desert roar. 80  
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a general song  
 Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,  
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
 Sweetest of birds! sweet *philomela*, charm

The listening shades; and thro' the midnight hour,  
Trilling, prolong the wildly-luscious note; 86  
That night, as well as day, may vouch his praise.  
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;  
At once the head, the heart, and mouth of all,  
Crown the great *Hymn!* in swarming cities vast,  
Concourse of men, to the deep organ join 91  
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,  
At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;  
And, as each mingling frame encreases each,  
In one united ardor rise to heaven. 95  
Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,  
To find a fane in every sacred grove;  
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's chaunt,  
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
Still sing the *God of Seasons*, as they roll. 100  
For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
Whether the *Blossom blows*, the *Summer-Ray*,  
Rustles the plain, delicious *Autumn* gleams;  
Or *Winter* rises in the reddening east;

Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,  
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat. 106

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to hostile barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam 110  
Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles; 'tis nought to me;  
Since *God* is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste, as in the city full;  
Rolls the same kindred *Seasons* round the world,  
In all apparent, wise, and good in all; 115  
Since *He* sustains, and animates the whole;  
From seeming evil still educes good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression.— But I lose  
Myself in *Him*, in light ineffable! 120  
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

*The E N D.*

As my tongue must, now, fairly paint no more,  
And, dear to joy, forget my heart to beat;  
She did late command me to the faithful verse,  
Of the green earth, to tell the barren's claim;  
Which, unknown to love, where first the sun  
His happy moment, on his shining beam;  
Upon the Atlantic isles; his power to me;  
For God is ever present, ever true;  
In the void world, as in the city toll;  
And the same kindred, on our round the world,  
All agreeant, who, and good in all;  
For the nations, and answers the world;  
For the evil still above good,  
And better things again, and better still;  
For the progress, that I see;  
Myself in a way, in light and shade;  
For the progress, that I see;  
For the progress, that I see;  
For the progress, that I see;



A  
P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of  
*Sir ISAAC NEWTON.*

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE  
*Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.*

**S**HALL the great soul of *Newton* quit  
this earth,  
To mingle with his stars; and every  
muse,  
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight

Of

Of honours due to his illustrious name?

But what can man? — Even now the sons of light,  
In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre, 6  
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.

Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,  
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,  
Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aspire 10  
In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can ye show your guest!  
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil  
Clouded in dust, from *Motion's* simple laws,  
Could trace the secret hand of *Providence*, 15  
Wide-working thro' this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the *Suns*,  
And *Planets* to their spheres! th' unequal task  
Of humankind till then. Oft had they roll'd  
O'er erring Man the year, and oft disgrac'd 20  
The pride of schools, before their course was known

Full

Full in its causes and effects to him,  
All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd  
Romantic schemes, defended by the din  
Of specious words, and tyranny of names; 25  
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,  
And with heroic patience years on years  
Deep-searching, saw at last the *System* dawn,  
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!  
And what the triumphs of old *Greece* and *Rome*,  
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys  
In some small fray victorious! when instead  
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd  
By violence unmanly, and fore deeds 35  
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself  
Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid  
Her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our *solar Round*  
First gazing thro', he by the blended power 40  
Of

Of *Gravitation* and *Projection* saw  
The whole in silent harmony revolve.  
From unassisted vision hid, the *Moons*  
To chear remoter planets numerous pour'd,  
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen. 45  
He also fix'd the wandering *Queen of Night*,  
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,  
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,  
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.  
Her every motion clear-discerning, He 50  
Adjusted to the mutual *Main*, and taught  
Why now the mighty mass of water swells  
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,  
And the full river turning; till again  
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves 55  
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight  
Thro' the blue Infinite; and every *Star*,  
Which the clear concave of a winter's night

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

61

Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube, 60  
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyfs,  
Or such as farther in successive skies  
To fancy shine alone, at his approach  
45 Blaz'd into *Suns*, the living centre each  
Of an harmonious system : all combin'd, 65  
And rul'd unerring by that single power,  
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

50 O unprofuse magnificence divine !  
O *Wisdom* truly perfect ! thus to call  
From a few causes such a scheme of things, 70  
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,  
An universe compleat ! and O belov'd  
55 Of heaven ! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,  
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scan'd  
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame. 75

He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd  
The *Comet* thro' the long Eliptic curve,

As

As round innumerable worlds he wound his way;  
 Till, to the forehead of our evening sky  
 Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,  
 And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule  
 Of whirling *Vortices*, and circling *Spheres*,  
 To their first great simplicity restor'd.  
 The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain  
 To keep at odds with demonstration strong,  
 And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze  
 Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,  
 With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,  
 When *Newton* rose, our philosophic sun.

Th' aerial flow of *Sound* was known to him,  
 From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,  
 Till the touch'd organ takes the meaning in.  
 Nor could the darting *Beam*, of speed immense,  
 Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.

Even *Light itself*, which every thing displays,  
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind  
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;  
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,  
Collecting every ray into his kind, 100  
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train  
Of *Parent-Colours*. First the flaming *Red*  
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny *Orange* next;  
And next delicious *Yellow*; by whose side  
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing *Green*. 105  
Then the pure *Blue*, that swells autumnal skies,  
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,  
Emerg'd the deepen'd *Indico*, as when  
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.  
While the last gleamings of refracted light 110  
Dy'd in the fainting *Violet* away.  
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,  
Shine out distinct adown the watry bow;  
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends  
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath. 115  
My-

Myriads of mingling dies from these result,  
 And myriads still remain — Infinite source  
 Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new !

Did ever poet image ought so fair, 119  
 Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook !  
 Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends !  
 Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,  
 Seen, *Greenwich*, from thy lovely heights, declare  
 How just, how beauteous the *refractive Law*.

The noiseless *Tide of Time*, all bearing down  
 To vast Eternity's unbounded sea 126  
 Where the green islands of the happy shine,  
 He stem'd alone ; and to the source (involv'd  
 Deep in primæval gloom) ascending, rais'd  
 His lights at equal distances, to guide 130  
 Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who  
His high discoveries sing? when but a few  
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds  
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought, 135  
How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme?

What wonder thence that his *Devotion* swell'd  
Responsive to his knowledge! for could he,  
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw  
The finish'd University of things, 140  
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,  
Forebear incessant to adore that *Power*  
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole.

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,  
Who saw him in the softest lights of life, 145  
All unwith-held, indulging to his friends  
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,  
Oh speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,

E

How

How greatly humble, how divinely good;  
 How firm establish'd on eternal truth; 150  
 Fervent in doing well, with every nerve  
 Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,  
 And panting for perfection: far above  
 Those little cares, and visionary joys, 155  
 That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart  
 Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.  
 This, *Conduitt*, from thy rural hours we hope;  
 As thro' the pleasing shade, where Nature pours  
 Her every sweet, in studious ease you walk; 160  
 The social passions smiling at thy heart,  
 That glows with all the recollected sage.

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,  
 You who, unconscious of those nobler flights  
 That reach impatient at immortal life,  
 Against the prime endearing privilege 165  
 Of Being dare contend, say, can a soul  
 Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,



For other notes of gratulation high,  
 That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds  
 He here so well descried, and wondering talks,  
 And hymns their author with his glad compeers.

O *Britain's* boast! whether with angels thou  
 Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest, 191  
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind;  
 Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,  
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,  
 Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,  
 And grateful adoration, for that light 196  
 So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,  
 From *Light Himself*; Oh look with pity down  
 On humankind, a frail erroneous race!  
 Exalt the spirit of a downward world! 200  
 O'er thy dejected country chief preside,  
 And be her *Genius* call'd! her studies raise,  
 Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.  
 For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,  
 And

And glories in thy name ; she points thee out 205  
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star :  
While in expectance of the second life,  
When Time shall be no more, thy sacred dust  
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

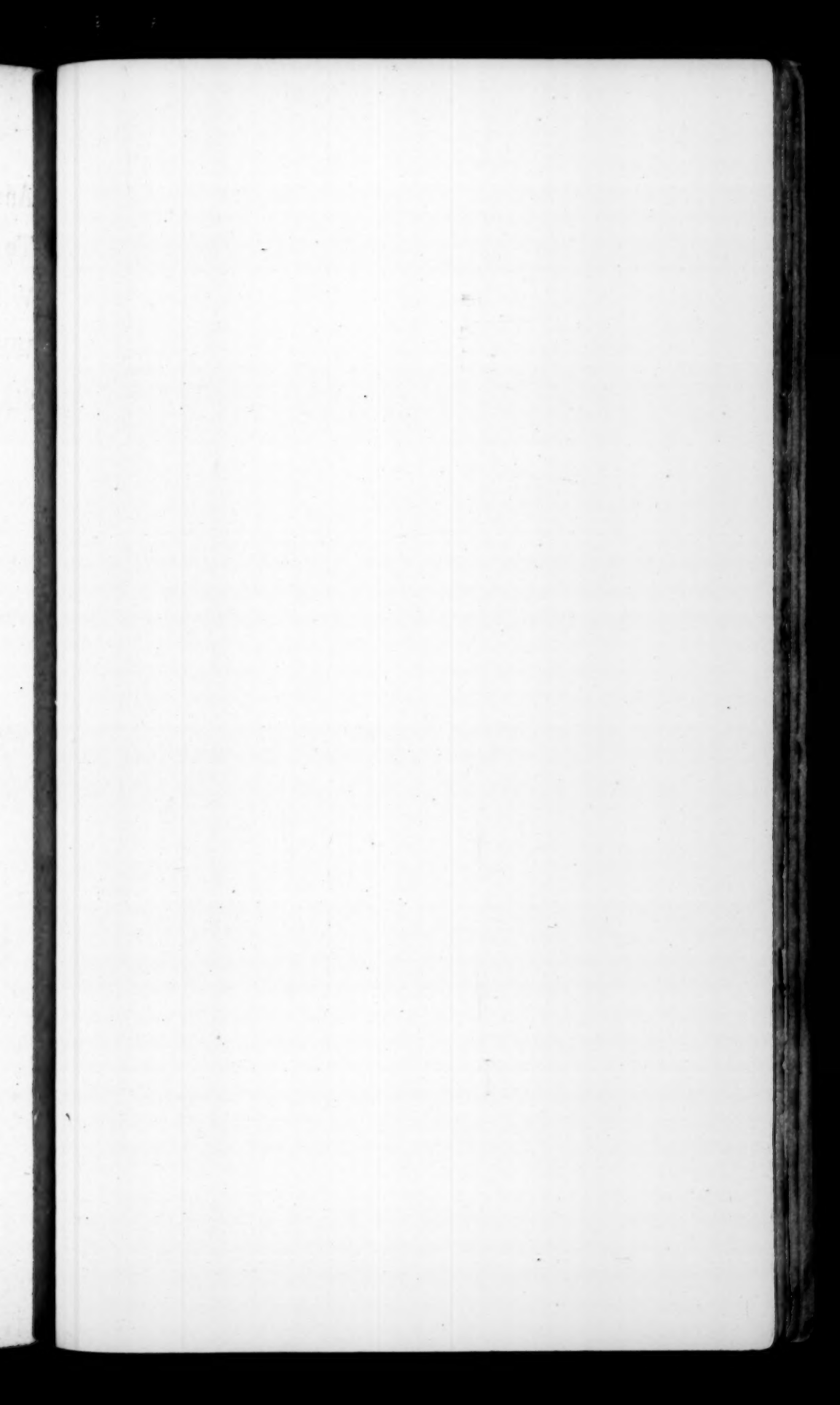
*The E N D.*



6

NOTHING TO REPORT

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B R I T A N N I A. <sup>(13\*)</sup>

A

P O E M.

Written in the YEAR, 1719.

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—— *Et tantas audetis tollere Moles?  
Quos Ego — sed motos præstat componere fluctus.  
Post mihi non simili Pæna commissa luetis.  
Maturate fugam, Regique hæc dicite vestro:  
Non illi Imperium Pelagi, Sævumque Tridentem,  
Sed mihi sorte datum.——* VIRG.

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The THIRD EDITION.

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Bookseller near *Whitehall*.

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M DCC XXX.

3 R A T A N I A

A

P O E M

Written in the Year 1800

By the Author of the

History of the

War of the

Revolution

THE

POETRY

OF

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# B R I T A N N I A.

A

# P O E M.



S on the sea-beat shore *Britannia* sat,  
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,  
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving  
sad :

Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,  
That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak surge blew ;  
Loose flow'd her tresses ; rent her azure robe.      6

A 2

Hung

4      B R I T A N N I A

Hung o'er the deep from her majestic brow  
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.

Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek;  
Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the Main. 10

Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd  
Her dove-like wings. And War, tho' greatly rous'd,  
Yet mourn'd his fetter'd hands. While thus the Queen  
Of nations spoke; and what she said the Muse  
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse. 15

Even not yon sail, that, from the sky-mixt wave,  
Dawns on the sight, and wafts the *Royal Youth*,  
A freight of future glory to my shore;  
Even not the flattering view of golden days,  
And rising periods yet of bright renown, 20  
Beneath the *Parents*, and their endless line  
Thro' late revolving time, can sooth my rage;  
While, unchastis'd, the insulting *Spaniard* dares  
Infest the trading flood, full of vain War  
Despise my Navies, and my Merchants seize; 25

As

As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam  
 The world of waters wild, made, by the toil,  
 And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:  
 Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.  
 Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?  
 This tame beseeching of rejected peace? 31  
 This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,  
 To generous *Britons* never known before?  
 And fail'd my Fleets for this; on *Indian* tides  
 To float, unactive, with the veering winds? 35  
 The mockery of war! while hot disease,  
 And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds,  
 For action ardent; and amid the deep,  
 Inglorious, sunk them in a watry grave.  
 There now they lie beneath the rowling flood, 40  
 Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd;  
 And back the weeping war-ship comes again,  
 Dispirited, and thin; her sons asham'd  
 Thus idly to review their native shore;  
 With not one glory sparkling in their eye, 45

6     B   R   I   T   A   N   N   I   A.

One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,  
 The violated Merchant comes along;  
 That far-fought wealth, for which the noxious gale  
 He drew, and sweat beneath Equator funs,  
 By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon     50  
 Would melt away, and every spoil resign,  
 Were once the *British* lyon heard to roar.  
 Whence is it that the proud *Iberian* thus,  
 In their own well-asserted element,  
 Dares rouse to wrath the Masters of the Main?     55  
 Who told him, that the big incumbent war  
 Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports  
 In smoaky ruin? and his guilty stores,  
 Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,  
 Yet unatton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep,     60  
 Or led the glittering prize into the *Thames*?

There was a time (Oh let my languid sons  
 Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)  
 When all the pride of *Spain*, in one dread fleet,

Swell'd

Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge; like a whole heaven  
Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze.  
Gaily the splendid Armament along 67

Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,  
As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming vast;  
Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream  
Of easy conquest; while their bloated war, 71  
Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force  
Of ages held in its capacious womb.

But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,  
My dauntless *Britons* came, a gloomy few, 75  
With tempest black, the goodly scene deform'd,  
And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate  
Resistless thunder'd thro' their yielding sides;  
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;  
And seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide, 80  
Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.

Then too from every promontory chill,  
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,  
I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.

Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,  
 The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve,  
 And pointed rock, that marks the indented shore,  
 Relentless dash'd, where loud the Northern Main  
 Howls thro' the fractur'd *Caledonian* isles.

Such were the dawnings of my liquid reign; 90  
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,  
 Even in those troubled times, when dreadful *Blake*  
 Aw'd angry nations with the *British* Name,  
 Let every humbled state, let *Europe* say,  
 Sustain'd, and ballanc'd, by my naval arm. 95

Ah what must these immortal spirits think  
 Of your poor shifts? These, for their country's good,  
 Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,  
 No mean submission, but commanded peace.  
 Ah how with indignation must they burn? 100

(If ought, but joy, can touch etherial breasts)  
 With shame? with grief? to see their feeble sons  
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,

For

For which their wisdom plan'd, their councils glow'd,  
And their veins bled thro' many a toiling age. 105

Oh first of human blessings! and supreme!  
Fair *Peace*! how lovely, how delightful thou!  
By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men,  
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,  
And unsuspicious faith; while honest toil 110  
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,  
Which idle, barbarous Rapine but usurps.  
Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,  
Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,  
Trickling distils into the vernal glebe; 115  
Instead of mangled carcases, sad-seen,  
When the blythe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;  
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,  
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;  
When the land blushes with the rose alone, 120  
The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine.  
Oh, *Peace*! thou source, and soul of social life;  
Be-

Beneath whose calm, inspiring influence,  
 Science his views enlarges, Art refines,  
 And swelling Commerce opens all her ports; 125  
 Blest be the Man divine, who gives us Thee!  
 Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,  
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;  
 Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun  
 Into the well-pil'd armoury returns; 130  
 And, every vigour from the work of death,  
 To grateful industry converting, makes  
 The country flourish, and the city smile.  
 Unviolated, him the virgin sings;  
 And him the smiling mother to her train. 135  
 Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,  
 Chaunts; and, the treasures of his labour sure,  
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough,  
 Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,  
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;  
 And the full city, warm, from street to street, 140  
 And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.

Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends  
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;  
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace, 145  
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

What would not *Peace*! the Patriot bear for thee?  
 What painful patience? What incessant care?  
 What mixt anxiety? What sleepless toil?  
 Even from the rash protected what reproach? 150  
 For he thy value knows; thy friendship he  
 To human nature: but the better thou,  
 The richer of delight, sometimes the more  
 Inevitable *War*; when ruffian force  
 Awakes the fury of an injur'd state. 155  
 Then the good easy man, whom reason rules;  
 Who, while unhurt, knew nor offence, nor harm,  
 Rouz'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,  
 With sharp, and sudden check, th' astonish'd sons  
 Of violence confounds; firm as his cause, 160  
 His bolder heart; in awful justice clad;  
 His

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His bolder heart; in awful justice clad;

His

His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:

And, as he charges thro' the prostrate war,

His keen arm teaches faithless men, no more

To dare the sacred vengeance of the just. 165

And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you more,

Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep

The least beginning injury receives? 168

What better cause can call your lightning forth?

Your thunder wake? Your dearest life demand?

What better cause, than when your country sees

The fly destruction at her vitals aim'd? 172

For oh it much imports you, 'tis your all,

To keep your Trade intire, intire the force,

And honour of your Fleets; o'er that to watch,

Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye. 176

In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,

By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;

But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,

Unconquerable still: let none escape, 180

Who

Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.  
 Is there the man, into the lyon's den  
 Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?  
 And is a *Briton* seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath  
 The flumbring terrors of a *British* Fleet? 185  
 Then ardent rise! Oh great in vengeance rise!  
 O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore:  
 And as you ride sublimely round the world,  
 Make every vessel stoop, make every state  
 At once their welfare and their duty know. 190  
 This is your glory; this your wisdom; this  
 The native power for which you were design'd  
 By fate, when fate design'd the firmest state,  
 That e'er was seated on the subject sea;  
 A state, alone, where *Liberty* should live, 195  
 In these late times, this evening of mankind,  
 When *Athens*, *Rome*, and *Carthage* are no more,  
 The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.  
 For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown;  
 For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot 200  
 Strong

Strong into sturdy growth; for this, your hearts  
 Swell with a fullen courage, growing still  
 As danger grows; and strength, and toil for this  
 Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.  
 Then cherish this, this unexpensive power, 205  
 Undangerous to the publick, ever prompt,  
 By lavish Nature thrust into your hand:  
 And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense  
 Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell,  
 Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,  
 Where'er the wind your high behests can blow,  
 And fix it deep on this eternal base. 212  
 For should the sliding fabrick once give way,  
 Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,  
 It gathers ruin as it rolls along, 215  
 Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulph,  
 Where many a mighty empire buried lies.  
 And should the big redundant flood of Trade,  
 In which ten thousand thousand Labours join  
 Their several currents, till the boundless tide 220

B R I T A N N I A 15

Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land,  
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point  
Its course another way, o'er other lands

The various treasure would resistless pour,  
Ne'er to be won again; its antient tract 225

Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead,  
With all around a miserable waste.

Not *Egypt*, were, her better heaven, the *Nile*  
Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,  
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach 230

Of dizzy vision pil'd, in one wide flash  
An *Ethiopian* deluge foams amain;

( Whence wond'ring fable trac'd him from the sky )  
Even not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd  
On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year, 235

If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,  
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,

Steril, and void; than of her trade depriv'd,  
*Britons*, your boasted isle: her Princes sunk;

Her

Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust; 240  
 Unnerv'd her force; her spirit vanish'd quite;  
 With rapid wing her riches fled away;  
 Her unfrequented ports alone the sign  
 Of what she was; her Merchants scatter'd wide;  
 Her hollow shops shut up; and in her streets, 245  
 Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,  
 The cheerful voice of labour heard no more.

Oh let not then waste Luxury impair  
 That manly soul of toil, which strings your nerves  
 And your own proper happiness creates! 250  
 Oh let not the soft, penetrating plague  
 Creep on the free-born mind! and working there,  
 With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,  
 Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart  
 Of *Liberty*; the high conception blast; 255  
 The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn  
 Of base subjection, and the swelling wish

For

For general good, crazing from the mind:  
 While nought save narrow Selfishness succeeds,  
 And low design, the sneaking passions all 260  
 Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.  
 Induc'd at last, by scarce-perceiv'd degrees,  
 Sapping the very frame of government,  
 And life, a total dissolution comes;  
 Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear, 265  
 Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes;  
 The human being almost quite extinct;  
 And the whole state in broad Corruption sinks.  
 Oh shun that gulph: that gaping ruin shun!  
 And countless ages roll it far away 270  
 From you, ye heaven-belov'd! may *Liberty*,  
 The light of life! the sun of human kind!  
 Whence Heroes, Bards, and Patriots borrow flame,  
 Even where the keen depressive North descends,  
 Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers! 275  
 While slavish Southern climates beam in vain.  
 And may a publick spirit from the *Throne*,

Where every Virtue fits, go copious forth  
 Live o'er the land! the finer Arts inspire;      279  
 Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,  
 Blow the fresh Breeze, bid Industry rejoice,  
 And the rough Sons of lowly Labour smile.  
 As when, profuse of Spring, the loos'd West  
 Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes      284  
 Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.

But haste we from these melancholly shores,  
 Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitless plaint  
 Pour weak; the country claims our active aid;  
 That let us roam; and where we find a spark  
 Of publick virtue, blow it into flame.      290  
 And now my sons, the sons of freedom! meet  
 In awful senate; thither let us fly;  
 Burn in the Patriot's thought, flow from his tongue  
 In fearless truth; myself, transform'd, preside,  
 And shed the spirit of *Britannia* round.      295

This said ; her fleeting form, and airy train,  
Sunk in the gale ; and nought but ragged rocks  
Rush'd on the broken eye ; and nought was heard  
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave. 299

*The E N D.*



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